



By FONTAINE FOX



THE FIRST SUNDAY OF SUMMER FINDS LARGE CROWDS ENJOYING THE SURF AT ATLANTIC CITY, THE REFUGE OF HEAT-TORMENTED PHILADELPHIANS



NAUTICAL BOY SCOUTS ENJOY A SUNDAY SAIL FROM PENN TREATY WHARF



THE POPULAR NEW BATHING CAP HAS A STAR FOR DECORATION



THE POPULARITY OF THE UKULELE EXTENDS TO THE BEACH AT THE SHORE RESORTS



A COUPLE OF KIDDIES WHO WERE INTERESTED SPECTATORS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE AT 433 CHRISTIAN STREET YESTERDAY

The Young Lady Across the Way

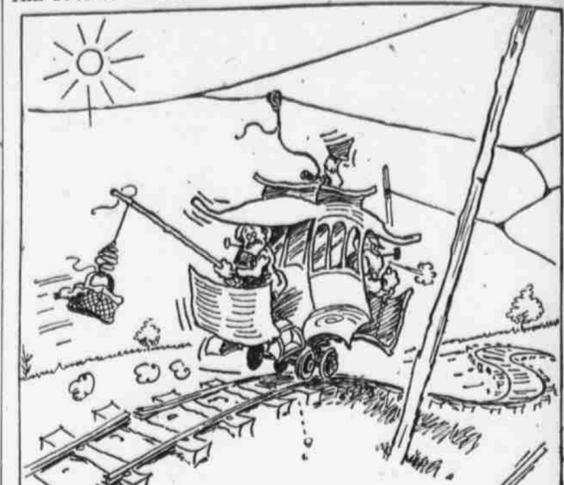


The young lady across the way says several of her friends have volunteered, but since they fixed the age limit at twenty-one she guesses virtually none of them will be drafted, as she knows very few of the older men.

In Scotch

As a Scotch soldier said the other day, the French are 'getting a bit of their Ainsie back!'—Passing Show.

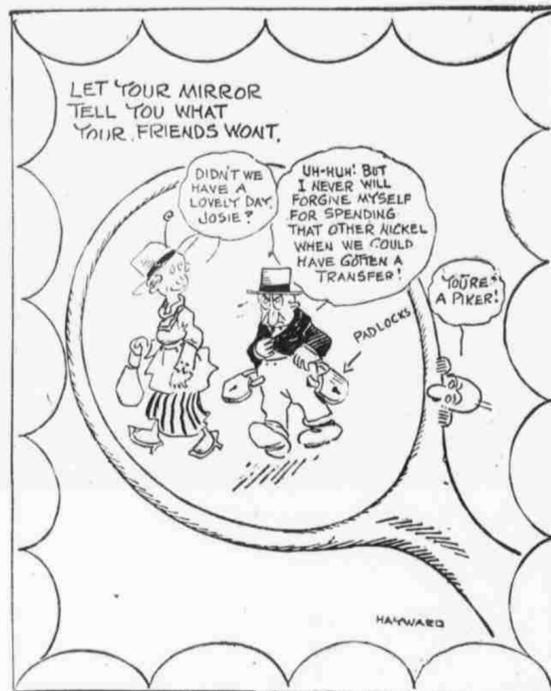
THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



HANK EVARTS WAS THE FIRST PERSON WHO EVER CARRIED EGGS ON THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY WITHOUT HAVING ANY BROKEN.

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SCHOOL DAYS



LET YOUR MIRROR TELL YOU WHAT YOUR FRIENDS WANT.

DIDN'T WE HAVE A LOVELY DAY, JOSIE?

UH-HUH! BUT I NEVER WILL FORGIVE MYSELF FOR SPENDING THAT OTHER NICKEL WHEN WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN A TRANSFER!

YOU'RE A PIKER!

HAYWARD

Aristocracy

First Boob (introducing himself)—My name's Warren—one of the Virginia Warrens. Second Boob—How-de-do; mine's Nichols, y'know. First Boob—Nichols? Second Boob—Yaas—one of the Automat-Nichols.—Jester.

Quite Sanitary



Waiter (to army chaplain saying grace)—It's all right, Gov'nor. There's no need smellin' of it.

Not the Same

"I suppose," said the facetious stranger watching a workman spread a carpet from the church door to the curb, "that's the road to heaven you are fixing there?" "No," replied the man, "this is merely a bridal path."—Boston Transcript.

War Terms Illustrated



—Purple Cow. "FOLLOW ME!"

DO YOU KNOW HER?



—The Tattler. Lady Publicity Lover, who figures in so many "charity mats," at the moment, is in this charming picture, just breaking up the conversation for the umpteenth time to recite and memorize the lines she is repeating in the Pageant for Pampered Pekingese the following day.

SCHOOL DAYS



Gosh, look at Peppy spin! Don't you wish you could do that, Roy?

I could if I didn't have two legs!

Let's see how fast you kin skids, by I heard you could beat a dog.

The champion.

Ho Knew

"Any rag? Any old iron?" chanted the dealer, as he knocked at the suburban villa. The man of the house himself opened the door. "No; go away," he snapped, irritably. "There's nothing for you. My wife is away." The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment, and then inquired, "Any old bottles?"—Tit-Bits.

In These Jolly Times of War



—London Opinion. Exasperated Market Gardener (to substitute who is not shaping well)—Wot are yer afraid of digging up—Orstralia!